

Give me the victory of this question, which
Is true loves merit, and blesse me with a signe
Of thy great pleasure.

*Here Musicke is heard, Doves are seene to flutter, they
fall againe upon their faces, then on their knees.*

Pal. O thou that from eleven, to ninetie reign'st
In mortall bosomes, whose chafe is this world
And we in heards thy game; I give thee thanks
For this faire Token, which being layd unto
Mine innocent true heart, armes in assurance *They bow.*
My body to this businesse: Let us rise
And bow before the goddesse: Time comes on. *Exeunt.*

*Still Musicke of Records,
Enter Emilia in white, her haire about her shoulders, a whea-
ten wreath: One in white holding up her traine, her haire
stucke with flowers: One before her carrying a silver
Hynde, in whic his convcyd Incense and sweet odours,
which being set upon the Altar her maides standing a
loose, she sets fire to it, then they cursey and kneele.*

Emilia. O sacred, shadowie, cold and constant Queene,
Abandoner of Revells, mate contemplative,
Sweet, solitary, white as chaste, and pure
As windefand Snow, who to thy small knights
Alow'st no more blood than will make a blush,
Which is their orders robe. I heere thy Priest
Am humbled fore thine Altar, O vouchsafe
With that thy rare greene eye, which never yet
Beheld thing maculate, looke on thy virgin,
And sacred silver Mistress, lend thine care
(Which nev'r heard scurrill terme, into whose port
Ne're entred wanton sound,) to my petition
Seasond with ho'y feare; This is my last
Of vestall office, I am bride habited,
But mayden harted, a husband I have pointed,
But doe not know him, out of two, I should
Choose one, and pray for his successe, but I
Am guiltlesse of election of mine eyes,
Were I to loose one, they are equall precious,

I could doomb
Goe too't unfer
He of the two P
And has the tru
Take off my wh
The fyle and qu
Continue in thy
Here the Hynd
place ascends
See what our C
Out from the b
With sacred act
If well inspird,
Both these brav
Must grow alon
Here is heard a
Rosefals from
The flower is fa
Thou here disch
I thinke so, but I
Vnclasp thy M
Her Signes were

Scena 2. Enter
Palamon.

Doff. Hast this
Woer. Overy
Have halfe perf
Halfe houre she
Would eate, and
Presently, and k
Doff. Twasy
For there the cur
Woer. Then
She would wat
What houre my
Doff. Let he
And when you